

6

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office: 734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1906, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone: Main 1300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per month

Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per month

Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.50 per month

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except under the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING

SPECIAL AGENT, BRUNSWICK BUILDING.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAY.

HAM, Boyce Building.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1909.

An Incurable Public Servant.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock, whose death we record to-day, was an admirable type of the high-minded public servant. Born in the South, yet with New England blood in his veins, he became a merchant and manufacturer. He began his public career in the diplomatic service, becoming our first ambassador to the Russian court. During McKinley's administration he was placed at the head of the Interior Department, where the great administrative task of his life awaited him. The department had become infested with dry rot and with petty forms of corruption. He was surrounded by subordinates who were continually betraying the public interest and who for a long time managed to hoodwink the secretary. Eventually they were discovered and smoked out, only to disclose that they were in league with powerful speculators of the public domain, and with Senators and Representatives in Congress standing back of defective and unrighteous land laws.

The situation might have appealed to a less courageous man. Mr. Roosevelt has more than one occasion adverted to the tremendous political and financial influences that were brought to bear on the administration to hold the hand of the secretary of the Interior. They were appalling, for as Mr. Hitchcock has said in a public address, "the policy of the department was to strike high and hit hard whenever the law in the case or cases justified such action, believing that the lawbreaker who deliberately becomes a lawbreaker is the greater criminal, and should be dealt with without mercy, when compared with the unwilling tool who, ignorant of the law, has yielded to temptation at the solicitation of those higher up who have inaugurated the crime." The results justified the policy of thorough action, for the frauds uncovered were heinous, and their exposure and punishment have saved to the people millions of acres of the public domain. In a single instance the department saved to the government, by opposing a Congressional scheme of sale, nearly \$6,000,000 which would otherwise have been the profit of speculators.

In the address just mentioned Mr. Hitchcock spoke of the intense interest he felt in the recovery and protection of the public domain, in the reclamation of arid lands, and in the development of the Southwest Territories. That was the quality of all his work—it was solely in the public belief. He was not a politician, and cared nothing for politics in the small sense. A piece of advice that holds good in every department of the government is left behind by this patriotic public servant. It is that just so long as government officials wear the collar of those to whom they are indebted for their appointment, just so long will we have land frauds and all other forms of public plunder and inefficiency. It is a truism too often forgotten in the lust of partisan power.

Well, well! The tariff bill has passed the rough House stage, at all events.

More Panama Canal Controversy.

Maj. Jay J. Morrow, of the Engineer Corps, and sometime District Engineer Commissioner, has been taking part in a discussion of the relative merits of the sea-level and lock canal projects at Panama, in which he has quite the best of the argument. He has been replying in the New York Sun to animadversions on the lock project offered by Henry G. Granger, a civil engineer who has devoted much of his time to advocacy of the sea-level type and more or less intelligent criticism of the lock canal actually under construction. Maj. Morrow, however, easily convicts Mr. Granger of questionable controversial methods, particularly in the assumption that the Gatun dam is being built on an insufficient foundation—an assumption which is based on information wholly out of date. The Gatun dam site has been critically examined by our engineers, and its character is no longer a matter of doubt. It is not being built on a quagmire, there is no porous stratum beneath the dam, and the foundation is not unstable. Such, says Maj. Morrow, are the conditions as they appear to the engineers responsible for the construction of the dam.

The agitation for the sea-level type of canal grew out of an insignificant slide on the Gatun dam site, the importance of which was magnified by people who should have known better. Of that slide, and the one which has just occurred, Maj. Morrow says:

"The first, which occurred some months ago, was on the site of the Gatun dam, at a point where the old French canal crossed it. The slide which occurred there was not serious, but it was twenty years ago that the old canal was forced aside by a portion of the rock fill deposit, exactly as was anticipated by the engineers in charge and exactly as happens possibly thousands of times yearly in engineering practice the world over. The second slide, of about ten days ago, was in a railway embankment in the Gatunville swamp and more than a mile away from the Gatun dam site."

Maj. Morrow thinks the lock type presents but one disadvantage, compared with the sea-level type—the use of locks. Against this solitary disadvantage, which

will be overcome as far as possible by mechanical contrivances for safe and expeditious handling of traffic, Maj. Morrow sets the advantages of open water navigation at higher speed, resulting in a shorter passage; wider and less tortuous channels; less danger of slides from the banks, and, finally, "a great regulating lake, which transforms the enemies of the sea-level ditch (the Chagres and other rivers) into faithful friends." He regards the dams required in the sea-level project as more dangerous than the Gatun dam, and unhesitatingly declares himself for the lock canal as in every way preferable. It is an opinion held by every competent engineer who has recently examined the canal construction on the spot.

A Missouri man has been given a six months' jail sentence for stealing a postage stamp. Some more astute citizens, however, steal elections and are given overtures.

The Undeviate Mr. Croker.

Mr. Richard Croker's expressed disinclination to enact the role of "dove of peace" between certain warring factions of the Democracy in this land, and more especially in New York State, is not altogether surprising. Not that something of the kind does not seem to be eminently in order, but because of the stupendous and supererogatory work such an undertaking would involve.

Mr. Croker has seen his political day in this country. His methods of control may not have been ideal; they may not have appealed compellingly to altruistic American manhood, but he was a mighty captain of the Tammanyites, and it is not probable that interesting political aggregation will ever see his like again. Croker's career was picturesque, and his is a highly engaging personality to contemplate in retrospect, whatever the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning the man may be.

But as a "dove of peace" Mr. Croker would not shine. He suggests nothing pertaining to the dove. No such thing as billing and cooing is thinkable in connection with Mr. Croker. If he were possessed of the old-time power to enforce discipline within the tangled ranks of the successors to the clans he once commanded, he might—doubtless—get order out of chaos; but it would not be through any "dove-of-peace" methods. Not for Croker! He never brought about harmony in any such fashion. He simply ordered harmony—emphatically, unmistakably, and pugnaciously. Whereupon harmony was. And that was an end of it. Seldom did the old Croker have to go after a wigwag out-up the second time. If he did, so much the worse for the cut-up.

And so we think Mr. Croker is right in nipping in the bud any "dove-of-peace" expeditions that may have been framed up for him. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and by the same token you could not make a "dove of peace" out of an erstwhile "boss" built along the rugged lines of Croker. He scorns to round out his life in the role of clown, and we do not blame him.

No Democratic statesman from Dixie feels thoroughly qualified for his job nowadays unless perfectly sure he can strain at tariff-revenue-only gains and swallow protection camels whenever necessity demands.

The Navy in the Tropics.

Naval surgeons who are attached to ships of war are renewing their recommendations, which seem to be made periodically without much effect, for the reduction in the period which officers and enlisted men of the naval service are required to serve on board vessels on duty in tropical waters. It is considered that the period of such service should not be longer than eighteen months, especially as vessels in southern waters are generally engaged on duty which permits very little opportunity for the enlisted men to go ashore, and then only for a very limited time. The naval medical officers have pointed out that protracted service of this kind is a positive detriment to the health of officers and men, and inasmuch as such impairment of the physical condition of individuals is an interference with efficiency, the appeal might very well be favorably entertained.

The proposition is closely allied with the recommendation from the same source that enlisted men of the navy be permitted more liberty on shore. This is a subject which the naval authorities in Washington should no longer avoid. It would probably be out of the question to establish any definite rule which would interfere with discipline on board ship, but surely a general regulation could be adopted which would indicate a policy of greater liberty in the matter of shore leave for naval enlisted men. The two conditions of protracted service in tropical waters and the long confinement under such circumstances to the limits of a ship of war constitute a subject which is intimately connected with the contentment and health of the personnel. In time of peace it would seem that there could be adopted a reasonable concession regarding officers and men attached to vessels of war.

Collector William Loe's evident determination to get a lot of money into the Treasury as soon as possible evinces a sort of ex post facto loyalty that is not altogether unworthy of emulation.

For \$50,000 per annum, King Peter of Serbia says he will retire to a Swiss hotel, and there spend the remainder of his life. Rather a cheap sort of Swiss hotel that, we fancy.

Everywhere Castro roams he meets a big policeman, who tells him to "move on."

A couple of months ago Mr. Roosevelt's name was not seen in the newspaper headlines more than three or four times a day, on an average. Now it is not seen more than four or three times, on an average.

France proposes to tax the owner of every foreign balloon alighting in that country \$10. France always has been a favorite landing place for high fliers, however, no matter what the cost.

There is a tendency at present toward the vulgarization of musical comedies. Many plays are drawing big houses to which I would be ashamed to put my name," says Mr. George M. Cohan, in

the Saturday Evening Post. And any frayed doubt that Mr. Cohan is a real, genuine, first-class humorist was therein emphatically swept away forever.

Grover Cleveland's picture is to adorn a new issue of \$50 gold certificates. Time was when that would have been likely to throw a number of people into fits.

Since it has been decided not to tax tea and coffee the boarding house varieties are reported convalescent, but still very weak.

Mr. Taft has promised to become a rooster for the Washington baseball team. This gives us the Star Spangled Banner, all right, if we never get the pennant.

So the tariff on silk suspenders and silk garters is not to stay put, eh? And yet some people insist that the common people are not treated fairly by Congress.

A number of Cuban lawyers have decided that the rebellious activities of eight men cannot constitute a "revolution." This shows that Cuba has progressed beyond the average Central American status, anyway.

The peppy little ex-President of Venezuela, who only does not know where he is going, but is probably very uncertain that he is even on his way.

Congress may miss the advice it is not getting from the White House these days, but it is not showing any strenuous signs of it.

Monsieur is a short and ugly. That is, Monsieur Yellow Reporter.

We have no doubt any number of umpires are sitting up nights just now thinking of fool and idiotic decisions to spring on meek and mild-mannered fans later on.

Have the suffragettes ever considered the complexion question in the matter of women politicians and candidates for office? In order to be successful, it will be necessary for many of them to be two-faced, as political success often goes.

Another idea in re Congressional salaries. Mr. Edwards. Why not pay members for the recess time and time them when in session?

An Illinois man stole sixty pairs of stockings in anticipation of a tariff tax on those articles. Wrong, perhaps; but how is the humble consumer to get in the tariff game without a sandbag, a "jimmy," or something?

A woman's rights agitator declares that "women are no better than men." It does not strain our optimism at all to read such stuff. We know it is not true.

Evidently, the free rubber plank in the Democratic platform is full of knobholes.

Winter lingering in the lap of spring attracts the regulation annual attention. Spring does not mind it, however; she knows she is just west.

Economy a Popular Policy.

From the New York Mail.

"Retrenchment and reform" is really going to be something better than a campaign cry or a Congressional spasm. Economy is again becoming a popular policy, as it has long been a national necessity. The outlook for a steady progress toward the adoption of a system under which income and outgo may be adjusted to each other with some approach to exactness. This is a promise altogether new to American politics.

Conducive to Long Life.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Life insurance companies are trying to educate the people in the science of longevity. Learning how to live long, nevertheless, is a simple proposition, and may be condensed into one sentence: Get an appointment as one of the judges of the United States Supreme Court.

Talk and Thought.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The parrot is proof of the fact that there may be much talk where there is little thought.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A FINE INSTITUTION.

"A school for office boys has been started in New York."—News Item.

This institution is, I wot, With good good prising. They have, I trust— Of course, they must— A class in whistling.

Within the hall department one May see lads poring Over batting lines Of all the nines, And rules for scoring.

They have a swimming class, no doubt, And one in fishing; Perhaps a pool, For such a school I've long been wishing.

This institution ought to make Just such a center Might well enjoy And hope to enter.

A Wild Theory.

"Our cook only comes about half the time."

"Sure, too."

"Can it be that we have the same cook?"

Spring Tonic.

"What you need is a mental tonic."

"A mental tonic, doctor?"

"Yes, you've been reading heavy stuff all winter. Two columns a day now of baseball lingo will liven you up a bit."

Spring Poetry.

The poets in their greed for gold, Which is a curse, Unload on us a lot of cold Storage verse.

Modern Life.

"She is wonderfully accomplished. She can ride, fence, shoot, swim, golf, and cook."

"Cook? That's a queer feat. What will the girls be taking up next?"

Entirely Different.

"What do you think of the spring fashions?"

"They must be all right. They certainly make all previous fashions look obsolete."

Poor Girl.

"I fear she is too romantic."

"How now?"

"She was wishing yesterday that it were fashionable to live happily with one's husband."

CHARITABLE RELIEF.

Curious Reasons Prompting to Application for Aid.

From the Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor.

More troublesome than mendacity itself is a certain reliance upon charity, a certain inclination to pauperism, which crops out in many charity recipients. Such a spirit of dependence was visible in sixty-nine families, forty of which were white and twenty-nine colored. The reliance upon charity here referred to did not quite assume the form of a positive delinquency. The dependence sometimes took the form of faith, as in the case of an old man who when asked why he did not go to the poorhouse said that he relied on God to take care of him and keep him out of the poorhouse. When applying for charity, it seemed to him that he was only falling in with a divine scheme.

In some cases it is plain that the feeling of reliance is due to the unwise action of friends or of churches. "I fear the family has been too much petted by the church people," is the impression of one agent in respect to a family that was accustomed to haunt the charity office. Quite often the person put down as relying upon charity was an old colored woman who was used to getting help here and there from white people, and who regarded the charity agent almost as one of her "white folks." A remarkable case of dependence was that of a woman who relied on an ex-slave to support her. The faithful doer of duty was not to keep her former mistress from want, but to support her. The ex-slave and not the mistress that visited the charity office.

Further removed from delinquency than reliance on charity is a certain perversion of pride which figures in these cases with sufficient frequency to warrant mention here. In at least a dozen cases the applicants went to the charity office because they were too stubborn or too proud to appeal to natural supporters who were able and willing to help them. "A rich brother would give aid," is the agent's note in one case, "but because she thinks he would give grudgingly she would rather take charity." In another case a woman applicant had relatives who had helped her gladly. The agent wrote to the applicant, suggesting that she appeal to her relatives for aid. The applicant refused, saying in the letter of reply: "It is very easy for you to advise me to do what heaven and earth couldn't make you do if you were in my place."

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

Miss Cannon has been taking a rest at Hot Springs, which she richly deserves, for there is no hostess in the official set of Washington more conscientious, more indefatigable in the performance of her duties, or more devoted to her friends. Her experience at the Capitol goes back to her early girlhood, when her father was first elected to the Lower House, at which time they lived at that historic old National Hotel. Indeed, it is only since "Uncle Joe" was made Speaker that they have moved up town and joined the ranks of the entertainers, but before that Miss Cannon, who has been at the head of her father's house since her mother's death, was just as earnest and painstaking as she is now, gaining an experience in the many years of her residence here that makes her actually the dean of the official women of the Capital. There is nothing there to show except the place as Washington left it. I expected to see a great public park, something on the line of the Slaves Alley, in Berlin, or a similar place, where the nation's heroes are immortalized in marble and bronze.

William Volkhardt, of New York, a well-known waterworks man, is at the Raleigh. Discussing the question of water systems, Mr. Volkhardt, who has followed the waterworks business for the past nineteen years, said:

"As a purveyor of water, meters have come to stay; they have long ago passed the experimental stage. Many years ago they were used only on large consumers, such as manufacturing establishments, because it was beyond human agency to estimate in advance how much water would be consumed in a period covering twelve months. The meter proved this conclusively, and it soon became the rule to sell water no other way to this sort of consumer. Its use then spread to what is termed the commercial use. 'The metering of the domestic class was slow,' continued the New Yorker, 'caused probably through lack of information and experience regarding the rate at which water should be sold through a meter. Practice has shown that water cannot be sold at one rate to all, as is the case with gas and electricity. It also has been demonstrated that, to be successful, a meter rule for water must be based on the local situation, and not on what some neighboring town or city is doing.'

"To protect the sanitary condition of a town it was found essential to establish a minimum daily consumption or allowance and later to force this allowance of water by exacting a minimum charge. We have further found by practice that this allowance averages twenty gallons per capita for a house having kitchen and bathroom fixtures. The number of rooms in a house or the size of the lot has nothing to do with it. Using a basis of five persons to a family, the allowance is 100 gallons per day, 3,000 gallons monthly, or 36,000 gallons per annum. These figures I find hold good in a majority of cases. The rate should not be the same in a town having a gravity supply as the town having to employ pumps, filters, engineers, firemen, and burn one of several kinds of fuel. These are only a few of the items to be considered at the rate-making point.

"Records of all universally metered plants show that 50 per cent of all water pumped or delivered before use was wasted. The rate of water supply is at once doubled, provided you have the proper rate and regulations. The rate is the backbone of the system. If this is weak, the whole structure is weak."

"How are meters going to affect the situation in Washington?"

"I don't know. I don't care to express an opinion without having first studied the situation thoroughly, but the citizens of Washington are to be congratulated in having such an able man as W. F. McFarland at the head of the water department. They can rest assured they will get the best that can be had, or it won't be his fault. In this connection I may say that as far as my information goes, there is no other city in this country that sells water as cheap as this is sold in Washington."

"David Belasco, the playwright, was being congratulated on the success of his new G. A. R. drama," said Simon B. Bernheimer, a theatrical manager of New York, at the Arlington, last night.

"Writing plays is perilous business," said Mr. Belasco, thoughtfully. "With every fresh play there are risks for his past triumphs don't count. He who has written twenty superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his twenty-first as any type."

"The public is critical and just before it is kind. I remember once—"

"Mr. Belasco laughed.

"There was once," he resumed, "a playwright who sat in the front row of stalls at the first night of his new play. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. In fact, in the middle of the third act the entire company was hissed off the stage."

"As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the uproar, a lady behind him leaned over and said: 'Excuse me, sir; but knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty at the beginning of the performance of snatching off your hat. Allow me now to return it to you.'"

Rev. Dr. William N. Curry, of Chicago, who has spent many years in the missionary field in Turkey, and who is at the Raleigh, said last night that it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that Americans gave modern education to the people of Turkey, and for eighty years have prepared and distributed among all classes books, pamphlets, and periodicals setting forth, as they have also taught, the brotherhood of man, the common fatherhood of God, and the fact that righteousness exalts a man, a race, and also a nation.

"These ideas and ideals," continued the man of the gospel, "have found at last hospitable welcome, and the fruits of such sowings are well evidenced by the watchword of the reformer, 'Liberty, equality, unity, and fraternity.' New Turkey is looking to Europe for help in reorganizing her army and navy, but she turns to America and America for help in constructing a system of general education and in perfecting her institutions of peace.

"While other nations have been in conflict with Turkey, and there has been 'wrangling over spheres of influence and territorial aggressions, we of America, through our missionaries and our missionary institutions, have been exalting the arts of peace, purity of life, freedom of the press, general education, persistent industry, and the common brotherhood of all."

That Tobacco Joker.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The war stamp tax on tobacco has disappeared long since, and there is now a question of its revival. When the tax was in force the packages were reduced in weight by ounces in order that the tax might not fall on the manufacturer. When the tax was repealed the weight of the packages remained the same. Should the tax be revived the packages will have to undergo another reduction.

The Popular Issue.

From the New York Mail.

Suffrage is all well enough, but the paramount issue just now is "Hats for women."

AT THE HOTELS.

"Washington has all the possibilities of being, in years to come, one of the most beautiful cities in the world," said James D. Allan, a prominent merchant of Toronto, Canada, at the Raleigh last night. "Even now, Washington is a fine place, but it is not as has been contended so much and often, the most beautiful city in the world."

"I don't think," continued Mr. Allan, "that I am justified in passing criticism on your city, but when that criticism comes from a well-meaning friend, the American will readily forgive me for what I may have to say. I think that the Washington Monument is a monstrosity. There is nothing grand or impressive about it; it is simply a monstrosity."

"I have been down to Mount Vernon and I must say that I was sorely disappointed. There is nothing there to show except the place as Washington left it. I expected to see a great public park, something on the line of the Slaves Alley, in Berlin, or a similar place, where the nation's heroes are immortalized in marble and bronze."

William Volkhardt, of New York, a well-known waterworks man, is at the Raleigh. Discussing the question of water systems, Mr. Volkhardt, who has followed the waterworks business for the past nineteen years, said:

"As a purveyor of water, meters have come to stay; they have long ago passed the experimental stage. Many years ago they were used only on large consumers, such as manufacturing establishments, because it was beyond human agency to estimate in advance how much water would be consumed in a period covering twelve months. The meter proved this conclusively, and it soon became the rule to sell water no other way to this sort of consumer. Its use then spread to what is termed the commercial use. 'The metering of the domestic class was slow,' continued the New Yorker, 'caused probably through lack of information and experience regarding the rate at which water should be sold through a meter. Practice has shown that water cannot be sold at one rate to all, as is the case with gas and electricity. It also has been demonstrated that, to be successful, a meter rule for water must be based on the local situation, and not on what some neighboring town or city is doing.'

"To protect the sanitary condition of a town it was found essential to establish a minimum daily consumption or allowance and later to force this allowance of water by exacting a minimum charge. We have further found by practice that this allowance averages twenty gallons per capita for a house having kitchen and bathroom fixtures. The number of rooms in a house or the size of the lot has nothing to do with it. Using a basis of five persons to a family, the allowance is 100 gallons per day, 3,000 gallons monthly, or 36,000 gallons per annum. These figures I find hold good in a majority of cases. The rate should not be the same in a town having a gravity supply as the town having to employ pumps, filters, engineers, firemen, and burn one of several kinds of fuel. These are only a few of the items to be considered at the rate-making point.

"Records of all universally metered plants show that 50 per cent of all water pumped or delivered before use was wasted. The rate of water supply is at once doubled, provided you have the proper rate and regulations. The rate is the backbone of the system. If this is weak, the whole structure is weak."

"How are meters going to affect the situation in Washington?"

"I don't know. I don't care to express an opinion without having first studied the situation thoroughly, but the citizens of Washington are to be congratulated in having such an able man as W. F. McFarland at the head of the water department. They can rest assured they will get the best that can be had, or it won't be his fault. In this connection I may say that as far as my information goes, there is no other city in this country that sells water as cheap as this is sold in Washington."

"David Belasco, the playwright, was being congratulated on the success of his new G. A. R. drama," said Simon B. Bernheimer, a theatrical manager of New York, at the Arlington, last night.

"Writing plays is perilous business," said Mr. Belasco, thoughtfully. "With every fresh play there are risks for his past triumphs don't count. He who has written twenty superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his twenty-first as any type."

"The public is critical and just before it is kind. I remember once—"

"Mr. Belasco laughed.

"There was once," he resumed, "a playwright who sat in the front row of stalls at the first night of his new play. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. In fact, in the middle of the third act the entire company was hissed off the stage."

"As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the uproar, a lady behind him leaned over and said: 'Excuse me, sir; but knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty at the beginning of the performance of snatching off your hat. Allow me now to return it to you.'"

Rev. Dr. William N. Curry, of Chicago, who has spent many years in the missionary field in Turkey, and who is at the Raleigh, said last night that it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that Americans gave modern education to the people of Turkey, and for eighty years have prepared and distributed among all classes books, pamphlets, and periodicals setting forth, as they have also taught, the brotherhood of man, the common fatherhood of God, and the fact that righteousness exalts a man, a race, and also a nation.

"These ideas and ideals," continued the man of the gospel, "have found at last hospitable welcome, and the fruits of such sowings are well evidenced by the watchword of the reformer, 'Liberty, equality, unity, and fraternity.' New Turkey is looking to Europe for help in reorganizing her army and navy, but she turns to America and America for help in constructing a system of general education and in perfecting her institutions of peace.

"While other nations have been in conflict with Turkey, and there has been 'wrangling over spheres of influence and territorial aggressions, we of America, through our missionaries and our missionary institutions, have been exalting the arts of peace, purity of life, freedom of the press, general education, persistent industry, and the common brotherhood of all."

That Tobacco Joker.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The war stamp tax on tobacco has disappeared long since, and there is now a question of its revival. When the tax was in force the packages were reduced in weight by ounces in order that the tax might not fall on the manufacturer. When the tax was repealed the weight of the packages remained the same. Should the tax be revived the packages will have to undergo another reduction.

The Popular Issue.

From the New York Mail.

Suffrage is all well enough, but the paramount issue just now is "Hats for women."

THE BIG STICK

WOL. II. NO. 47. WASHINGTON, APRIL 10, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Cur Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

FRESH BLOOD.

Our erstwhile Fifteenth Street Philosopher—W. B. H.—owing to accumulating business incident to these boom times, over which he has no control, has been compelled to vacate the editorial tripod. Remarkable as it may seem, The Big Stick has been able to fill his place. To-day's column, so quaintly sprinkled with philosophy, is from the trenchant pen of Col. O. O. Steiner. Though his habitat is not in Fifteenth street, it is just around the corner therefrom, and his output of philosophic gems, the dear reader may be assured, will be kept constantly attuned to this pre-eminent thoroughfare.

We congratulate ourselves.

TWIN TRIBUTES.

By T. C. NOYES.

Do you know him—Harry Brown? Best of fellows in the town? Quick of wit and true as steel? Stands by friends through wind and weal?

First exponent of square deal. Lets me share his humor rare, Grim old joker, I declare. Hat I lift to his renown. Throw it high for Harry Brown!

By O. K. DAVIS.

Know this man of whom you speak? Why, with love of him I seek. Ask brusque questions like King Wu. Catechizes through and through—As a wag he'll surely do. Gives out freely—regardless—What the odds if it's on me? Bumper to him, drink it down! Think it deep to Harry Brown!

(Revised by Dr. Roy Vernon.)

MYTHICAL MYTHOLOGY.

Vulcan was pottering away at the forge.

"Well, how's everything?" inquired Mars, who happened to be in the shop at the moment.

"Rotten," snarled Vulcan. "Nothing doing here. There has been some 'dogg' at the forge."

Whereupon Mars violently kicked one of the dogs of war in the slats and said loud words.

"Pa is nearly worried to death," said little Aegleus Centaur to his dad.

"How's that?" asked his companion.

"Well, he can't decide whether he is going down in history as a Rough Rider or as a tame cat."

And little Aig at that point gave the other word the original horse laugh.

J. B. REYNOLDS.

AT WORK.

By Edw. W. Dunn, Jr.

OLD SWEET SONGS.

By William D. Hoover.

THE ORGANIST.

By Edw. H. Droop.

THE SLEUTH.

By Richard Sykes.

GOING SOME.

The reproduction of the caricatures of Washington artists in the last issue of The Big Stick caused unprecedented interest and excitement throughout the entire city. The first edition was disposed of early. The discovery of great talent which had been lying dormant and unpublished created a furore among the artist-inhabitants, and originals have been pouring into the office of The Big Stick ever since. The artists are each case clamoring for immediate publication. Contributors are cautioned as to not to send in too many subjects. Specimens treating of woman suffrage, the tariff, the little House now, P. A. Y. E. and can, and unseasonable noise in the night will be thrown out as unsuitable for reproduction, for obvious reasons.

When last week's issue of The Stick struck the stock exchange quotations were suspended and the embryo J. P. Morgan went in a body to view the original of Uncle Dan Fraser's "The Scotchman."

J. Tillman Hendrick missed writing four \$50,000 life insurance policies for the benefit of his friends the five points of his "Megaphone Man."

Cuno H. Rudolph's "At the Sea-shore" has been purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Henry K. Davis has lost sight of the Warner Library in his excitement of the many congratulations he received for his conception of "The Grater."

A SPRIG SOG.

There's a word do' gee ag glances In the doped clouds of 'Nip. There is naught o' signs ag saggers In the sign of a sign ag saggers. Sweet be glazing that comes after Sunlight's glow, sleep ag day. Sweet the bill of saggers laughter In the children at their play. But I hesitate to sign it. Further praisures, trite and old. For, say, say, say, say, say, say. That I've got ag awful cold.

J. K. STAFFER.

Read the Blinglie Bugle to-morrow.

THE BIG STICK

WOL. II. NO. 47. WASHINGTON, APRIL 10, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Cur Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

FRESH BLOOD.

Our erstwhile Fifteenth Street Philosopher—W. B. H.—owing to accumulating business incident to these boom times, over which he has no control, has been compelled to vacate the editorial tripod. Remarkable as it may seem, The Big Stick has been able to fill his place. To-day's column, so quaintly sprinkled with philosophy, is from the trenchant pen of Col. O. O. Steiner. Though his habitat is not in Fifteenth street, it is just around the corner therefrom, and his output of philosophic gems, the dear reader may be assured, will be kept constantly attuned to this pre-eminent thoroughfare.

We congratulate ourselves.

TWIN TRIBUTES.

By T. C. NOYES.

Do you know him—Harry Brown? Best of fellows in the town? Quick of wit and true as steel? Stands by friends through wind and weal?

First exponent of square deal. Lets me share his humor rare, Grim old joker, I declare. Hat I lift to his renown. Throw it high for Harry Brown!

By O. K. DAVIS.

Know this man of whom you speak? Why, with love of him I seek. Ask brusque questions like King Wu. Catechizes through and through—As a wag he'll surely do. Gives out freely—regardless—What the odds if it's on me? Bumper to him, drink it down! Think it deep to Harry Brown!

(Revised by Dr. Roy Vernon.)

MYTHICAL MYTHOLOGY.

Vulcan was pottering away at the forge.

"Well, how's everything?" inquired Mars, who happened to be in the shop at the moment.

"Rotten," snarled Vulcan. "Nothing doing here. There has been some 'dogg' at the forge."

Whereupon Mars violently kicked one of the dogs of war in the slats and said loud words.

"Pa is nearly worried to death," said little Aegleus Centaur to his dad.

"How's that?" asked his companion.

"Well, he can't decide whether he is going down in history as a Rough Rider or as a tame cat."

And little Aig at that point gave the other word the original horse laugh.

J. B. REYNOLDS.

AT WORK.

By Edw. W. Dunn, Jr.

OLD SWEET SONGS.

By William D. Hoover.

THE ORGANIST.

By Edw. H. Droop.

THE SLEUTH.

By Richard Sykes.

GOING SOME.

The reproduction of the caricatures of Washington artists in the last issue of The Big Stick caused unprecedented interest and excitement throughout the entire city. The first edition was disposed of early. The discovery of great talent which had been lying dormant and unpublished created a furore among the artist-inhabitants, and originals have been pouring into the office of The Big Stick ever since. The artists are each case clamoring for immediate publication. Contributors are cautioned as to not to send in too many subjects. Specimens treating of woman suffrage, the tariff, the little House now, P. A. Y. E. and can, and unseasonable noise in the night will be thrown out as unsuitable for reproduction, for obvious reasons.

When last week's issue of The Stick struck the stock exchange quotations were suspended and the embryo J. P. Morgan went in a body to view the original of Uncle Dan Fraser's "The Scotchman."

J. Tillman Hendrick missed writing four \$50,000 life insurance policies for the benefit of his friends the five points of his "Megaphone Man."

Cuno H. Rudolph's "At the Sea-shore" has been purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Henry K. Davis has lost sight of the Warner Library in his excitement of the many congratulations he received for his conception of "The Grater."

A SPRIG SOG.

There's a word do' gee ag glances In the doped clouds of 'Nip. There is naught o' signs ag saggers In the sign of a sign ag saggers. Sweet be glazing that comes after Sunlight's glow, sleep ag day. Sweet the bill of saggers laughter In the children at their play. But I hesitate to sign it. Further praisures, trite and old. For, say, say, say, say, say, say. That I've got ag awful cold.

J. K. STAFFER.

Read the Blinglie Bugle to-morrow.

THE BIG STICK

WOL. II. NO. 47. WASHINGTON, APRIL 10, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Cur Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

FRESH BLOOD.

Our erstwhile Fifteenth Street Philosopher—W. B. H.—owing to accumulating business incident to these boom times, over which he has no control, has been compelled to vacate the editorial tripod. Remarkable as it may seem, The Big Stick has been able to fill his place. To-day's column, so quaintly sprinkled with philosophy, is from the trenchant pen of Col. O. O. Steiner. Though his habitat is not in Fifteenth street, it is just around the corner therefrom, and his output of philosophic gems, the dear reader may be assured, will be kept constantly attuned to this pre-eminent thoroughfare.

We congratulate ourselves.

TWIN TRIBUTES.

By T. C. NOYES.

Do you know him—Harry Brown? Best of fellows in the town? Quick of wit and true as steel? Stands by friends through wind and weal?

First exponent of square deal. Lets me share his humor rare, Grim old joker, I declare. Hat I lift to his renown. Throw it high for Harry Brown!

By O. K. DAVIS.

Know this man of whom you speak? Why, with love of him I seek. Ask brusque questions like King Wu. Catechizes through and through—As a wag he'll surely do. Gives out freely—regardless—What the odds if it's on me? Bumper to him, drink it down! Think it deep to Harry Brown!

(Revised by Dr. Roy Vernon.)

MYTHICAL MYTHOLOGY.

Vulcan was pottering away at the forge.

"Well, how's everything?" inquired Mars, who happened to be in the shop at the moment.

"Rotten," snarled Vulcan. "Nothing doing here. There has been some 'dogg' at the forge."

Whereupon Mars violently kicked one of the dogs of war in the slats and said loud words.

"Pa is nearly worried to death," said little Aegleus Centaur to his dad.

"How's that?" asked his companion.

"Well, he can't decide whether he is going down in history as a Rough Rider or as a tame cat."

And little Aig at that point gave the other word the original horse laugh.

J. B. REYNOLDS.

AT WORK.

By Edw. W. Dunn, Jr.

OLD SWEET SONGS.

By William D. Hoover.

THE ORGANIST.

By Edw. H. Droop.

THE SLEUTH.

By Richard Sykes.

GOING SOME.

The reproduction of the caricatures of Washington artists in the last issue of The Big Stick caused unprecedented interest and excitement throughout the entire city. The first edition was disposed of early. The discovery of great talent which had been lying dormant and unpublished created a furore among the artist-inhabitants, and originals have been pouring into the office of The Big Stick ever since. The artists are each case clamoring for immediate publication. Contributors are cautioned as to not to send in too many subjects. Specimens treating of woman suffrage, the tariff, the little House now, P. A. Y. E. and can, and unseasonable noise in the night will be thrown out as unsuitable for reproduction, for obvious reasons.

When last week's issue of The Stick struck the stock exchange quotations were suspended and the embryo J. P. Morgan went in a body to view the original of Uncle Dan Fraser's "The Scotchman."

J. Tillman Hendrick missed writing four \$50,000 life insurance policies for the benefit of his friends the five points of his "Megaphone Man."

Cuno H. Rudolph's "At the Sea-shore" has been purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Henry K. Davis has lost sight of the Warner Library in his excitement of the many congratulations he received for his conception of "The Grater."

A SPRIG SOG.

There's a word do' gee ag glances In the doped clouds of 'Nip. There is naught o' signs ag saggers In the sign of a sign ag saggers. Sweet be glazing that comes after Sunlight's glow, sleep ag day. Sweet the bill of saggers laughter In the children at their play. But I hesitate to sign it. Further praisures, trite and old. For, say, say, say, say, say, say. That I've got ag awful cold.

J. K. STAFFER.

Read the Blinglie Bugle to-morrow.